

FAINT HEARTS—A FEW REMARKS ABOUT THE OVER-TIMID WOMAN

Many Cases of Overwrought "Nerves" and Hysteria Are Due to a Foolish Woman's Inability to Control Her Fears and Fancies.

By ELLEN ADAIR

THE world somehow or other seems to hold many timid souls who are utterly destitute of initiative and who fear to take any single step out of the beaten path or the thoroughly approved course of convention.

They are dreadfully afraid of transgressing any of the minor unwritten social laws which, after all, count for very little, and their fears keep them from even having any real opinions of their own.

Such a volume as James' Psychology furnishes numerous interesting examples of the timid soul. There are all sorts of fear and all sorts of people tied in captivity to its chariot wheels.

"I have a delightful invitation to visit my brother, who is stationed quite a distance from here," declared a girl recently, "but I'm not going, as I'm dreadfully afraid of a long railroad journey."

As that particular railroad journey happened to be in America, where there was not the slightest risk of Zeppelins and where no notices are posted in the trains warning passengers to keep all the blinds down for fear of the enemy's air attacks, as they do here in London at the present writing, I really have little sympathy with the timid soul who could not summon sufficient courage to tear herself away from her mother's apron-strings. She was a strong, healthy young woman, and should have had better sense.

Yet it is surprising to learn how many women are exactly like this one in the matter of timidity. They spend narrow, dull lives, dragged out in the secure but uninteresting shelter of their own homes, and they have not the slightest idea of what is going on in the world about them. "Home-staying minds have ever homely wits," goes the saying. And it certainly is an incontrovertible fact that the woman who never ventures away from home is going to be narrow and in a measure ignorant.

Various doctors were consulted and they all said the same thing—that her condition was a purely imaginary one. She was naturally strong and healthy, but lacked sufficient resolution to laugh herself out of her fears. I understand that now her condition has got beyond her, and she is in a sanatorium under constant supervision. It took her several years, of course, to reach this stage of "nerves," but that stage never should have been reached at all, and the woman who is naturally of a timid disposition should make a determined struggle against giving way to her fears. For in struggle lie victory and happiness.

Timidity, of course, is largely a matter of temperament. But to a very great extent it can be overcome. It certainly must be struggled against with all one's might, and mainly for it is never stationary, but tends to increase as the years roll by.

There are women who are so timid that they fear to sit in a room alone. In every leaping shadow on the wall they see some lurking terror. I once knew a woman who made her own life and the life of her husband a perfect misery. To all outward appearances she had everything that could make her happy—good health, plenty of brains, nice friends, a beautiful home, plenty of money, and a husband with whom she was deeply in love. Yet she was utterly wretched through her own fears and fancies. She had allowed herself to get into such a nervous condition that she would not go out on the street alone. It was torture to her to be alone for a single minute. Her husband could never go away on business, no matter how urgent the call might be.

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AMERICANS AID THE BATTLE-SCARRED



Jack McLennan Grant, wounded soldier, in second bed from foreground, is in the "Eva Stotesbury" bed in the American Women's War Hospital, Paignton, South Devon, England.

WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS BLESS AMERICAN WOMEN IN WAR HOSPITAL

Wrecks and Ruins of Humanity Being Nursed Back to "Health" in Beds Provided by Women of the United States at Beautiful Devonshire Estate.

By ELLEN ADAIR

PAIGNTON, South Devon, England, July 6.

HERE'S one spot in England whose scenery is absolutely unrivaled for beauty and where artists throng by the hundreds in a vain attempt to transfer its inimitable coloring to mere canvas—and that Garden of Eden is Paignton, in Devonshire, beside the sea.

There, amidst the rolling moors with their purple heather and life-giving ocean breezes is the American Women's War Hospital, crowded with wounded soldiers. Some of these are still blinking in surprise to find themselves in such an enchanted palace. For the magnificent home of Mr. Paris Singer, which forms the hospital, is a regular palace, with its stately marble stairways, halls, corridors and statuary, its priceless paintings and fabulous furnishings. The glory of the Louis XIV period has come to life again there, and one can almost fancy oneself in the palace at Versailles. The hospital is the principal expression of the work of the American Women's War Relief Fund, which was initiated immediately after the outbreak of war.

As quickly as possible Oldway House, the residence of Mr. Singer, was transformed into a fully equipped surgical hospital with 200 beds. The two units so generously detailed for service in Great Britain by the American National Red Cross Society are working here, and there is an English matron with a nursing staff of American and English sisters.

On arriving at the hospital I was received by the military commandant, Lieutenant Colonel R. C. Gunning, and the directors, Dr. Howard W. Heal, of Worcester, Mass., and Doctor Penhallow, of Boston, who made a most interesting tour of the hospital, and I was particularly struck with the magnificence of the building and the bright looks on the faces of the soldiers. With such women working heart and soul for them as the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. John Astor, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Mrs. Whitehall Reid, Mrs. Robert Strawbridge, Lady Paignton, and many others, the place had success assured at the outset.

Sir William Osler is the consulting physician and there are nine doctors on the staff. The nurses number 24 and are American sisters, and there is an equal number of English sisters. The remainder are volunteer nurses.

THE PAGET WARD. The first ward we visited was the Paget Ward, a magnificent apartment, originally the ballroom of the house. A great balcony runs the whole length of the ward, and on it there lay several convalescents, their heads and arms still bandaged, but their eyes fixed in sheer content on the wonderful vista of 20 miles of rolling moorland with its purple heather and scattered flowers. The smell of honeysuckle drifted up and mingled with the smell of iodine and carbolic. Down below, on a wide green lawn, some of the nurses were playing tennis and calling to each other. There was one soldier who was humming the hymn and the distant murmur of the sea—it was a veritable paradise.

"This is rather different from the trenches," I asked one poor fellow whose cheek and jaw had been shattered by a bursting shrapnel and who was terribly disfigured. He smiled happily. "Devonshire is God's country—and I'm home again," he said, speaking with difficulty and in the broad, soft Devonshire tones. "But when I'm better I must go back to the trenches—I couldn't rest here if I was well again and able to go."

MRS. STRAWBRIDGE'S BED. In all the wards above every bed I saw familiar names of American women in the Churchill Ward had been a man called Hackett, who had been terribly injured at Mons. He lingered for quite a time, with a badly fractured skull, and more than one daring operation was performed upon him. But he was beyond the reach of human ingenuity and human science and one summer morning passed peacefully away. Sister Rosanna, a sweet-faced Boston woman, told me about him with tears in her pretty eyes. "It was very fond of Hackett," she said. "He was so pitifully young, to die in such a way! Just a mere lad!"

"Do you have many deaths?" I asked Doctor Penhallow. "We have only had five deaths," he answered, "and that out of between 1300 and 1400 admissions."

We walked slowly through the other beautiful wards, the Hatfield, the Jean Burns, the last-named had been the library in the house, and I was struck with the wonderful Dutch fireplace and paintings. In a bed endowed by Mr. Har-

man and bearing his name on the wall, lay a cheerful Welshman, James Polgreen, who had had the whole of his right hip shot away at Paistenburg, and who had lain in that bed since February. It seemed likely that he would live there or elsewhere—for the rest of his natural life, for he was badly shattered. But he seemed perfectly happy as he sat propped up with great pillows and knitting zealously.

"WHEN I GET WELL—" "Have you really come over from America, Miss?" he asked me. "Now I do call that kind! Do you know Virginia? My mother lives there now, and I'm going to see her. Oh, I'll soon be able to walk, thank you. And I want to go to Michigan, to see my brother. There are so many things I'm going to do when I get well—"

It is terribly trying to listen to hopes and dreams for so matter how smashed and shattered the poor fellows are, hope springs eternal. "When we get well—" they always say. And how can one get

LITTLE COTTON CREPE FROCKS ARE PRACTICAL FOR SUMMER DAYS

THE light morning frock forms a most important item of every summer girl's wardrobe. And if we aren't summer girls, yet it is all the more reason why we should begin to get ready, for the summer girl, like the proverbial dog, always has her day, and it is usually a very delightful one.

There seems to be something particularly rejuvenating about a becoming summer frock. It looks well on every occasion and will wear indefinitely if the materials are carefully chosen. For instance, cotton crepe is shown in today's illustration, and its practical wearing value has demonstrated itself sufficiently to beggar description. It is a white with the color scheme of the dress, the main features of which are simplicity and style. These colors are very desirable in a summer dress, and the fabric is made with a suggestion of the triple crepe style formed by means of two wide ruffles, attached to a yoke. These ruffles are piped with white crepe, like the inserts of the same which are seen on the yoke. Short ruffles are seen on the short, wide sleeves. These sleeves, by the way, are the very latest thing, coming as they do from New York on all the ultra models. Net ones are seen on some gowns, with edges of silk, flowing straight from the shoulder and cut off at the elbow. The gaudy vestee is ornamented with Irish crochet buttons and pipings of the crepe. The model of this gown is extremely plain, and it could be made at home with very little trouble and to good effect.



CHARMING SUMMER GOWN

From Paris. Jenny is showing some frocks for the very warm days of midsummer, and a number of cotton crepe ones that closely follow the lines of the garments that she designed for spring. The very full skirt is finished at the bottom with scallops or tab effect. Rose, mauve and white are the most prominent colors. The sleeves are both long and short, but the leaning is toward the long, light crepes, finished with a frill tied in at the wrist with ribbon.

FROM PAQUIN'S. At Paquin's Madame Joire recommends the stiffened organdie and would say little in regard to the embroidered cotton net, for the simple reason that nearly all of the material has heretofore been made in Germany.

CHILD WHO NEVER HEARD "DON'T" SPECIMEN OF HEALTH AND CHEER



Three-Year-Old Katherine Warren a Living, Playing, Laughing Example of What Efficiency of Parents' Care Can Accomplish.

A CHILD who never has heard "don't," who has never been punished in all her three years, yet is known as the best behaved child in the neighborhood is the envy of mothers in the vicinity of 127 East Berke street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Warren. The child is their daughter Katherine. Besides being attractive Katherine Warren is almost abnormally healthy, smiles on every one and never has been known to throw things, nor to kick and scream.

"We brought her up naturally," Mrs. Warren says. "We have not forbidden her many things; indeed, we forbid her nothing, so of course she has no cause to throw herself on the floor because her wishes have been thwarted."

In addition to having parents whose pride in their child went further than feed it sweets out of hours, 3-year-old Katherine Warren, was fortunate enough to be attended by a physician who believes in outdoor life. Before her daughter was six weeks old, Mrs. Warren had heard Dr. Albert Smethurst, of 620 East Thompson street, speak a number of times at great length on the proper way to bring up children, and she thought it fair to be so impressed with what they heard from

Doctor Smethurst that they resolved upon a course of training they vowed they would follow each day of the child's life. It was the tenacity they exercised in carrying through the plan that is responsible for Katherine Warren's health, appearance and disposition today, they believe.

Baths have been frequent and important in the first three years of Katherine Warren's life. Every day she has undergone alcohol rubs, needle showers, rubs with olive oil and cold splashes. The Warrens have never feared fresh air, no matter what its temperature happened to be. Since the early weeks of her infancy, through summer and winter, their child has slept in a room aired by three open windows.

Loose clothing for her child and frequent changes of it has occupied the attention of Mrs. Warren. There was a long period, nearly two years, during which Katherine did not walk. The result is that her knees are only the normal distance from each other. Care of this kind in every branch of training has developed a child who is certain to take prizes in any baby show and provoke deserved admiration of its parents.

An Unexpected Find. "THAT just serves me right!" exclaimed Billy Robin as the lovely butterfly flew away; "when will I learn to say kind things or nothing? And I have always wanted to play with a butterfly! Oh, well, what's done is done, so there is no use of worrying. Only I hope I do remember this season," and that sage advice to himself he flew over to the pear tree, where he hoped to find Tommy Sparrow. But no Tommy Sparrow was there.

He flew to the pine tree in the next yard, to the log where Tommy Tittlemouse had his nest and to the orange hedge, but not a sign of Tommy Sparrow did he see. Billy was just about to give up and play something by himself, when he should come rushing into the yard but Tommy himself. Such an excited, burled Tommy, Billy had never seen.

"Oh, Billy Robin, come right over to the park! There's the most fun to be had! And I've come on purpose to get you and my little mate to share the feast with me!" (Which just goes to show how much kinder Tommy was than some sparrows who are selfish.) "Feast!" exclaimed Billy Robin. "A feast this time of day? Where is it and what is it and what a pity it didn't come earlier before I spent so much time hunting my lunch!"

"Never you mind about questions," replied Tommy Sparrow as he called to his mate in the pear tree, "you come along and see for yourself. You won't wonder how excited I am!"

"Now just follow me," said Tommy importantly; he didn't often have the chance to do Billy Robin a big favor and he was so proud and happy he could hardly speak. They flew right up to the edge of the little lake, and what do you suppose they saw there? You never could guess!

There, close up to the water's edge, they saw a funny looking old tin can. It had no cover and was partly rusted—Billy frankly admitted that he would have passed it by without a look—which admission made Tommy all the prouder! "Stand right on the edge and look in!" invited Tommy, so Billy and Mrs. Tommy did as they were told.

And then they saw—down in the bottom of the can were—worms! Yes, really! Worms! Nice, fat, wiggly, sleek worms! Just the very kind Billy liked best of all! He and Mrs. Tommy bobbed up three pieces before they said a word, then Billy asked how the can happened to be there, and Tommy told his story. "You see," he explained, "I have been

WHY "BELLISSIMA ITALIA" HAS UNSHEATHED HER BRAVE SWORD

The Main Reason Is Because the Other Countries Did It—Then Comes "National Honor," Liberation of the Unredeemed and Behind It Imperialism.

By INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN

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ROME, June 25.

IT IS futile to attempt to discuss the cause of war in Italy. The causes to begin with, are as old as the world in old. Italy, like every other nation, is doing international business under an old system. Granted the system, war is its inevitable sequence. The system, of course, assumes that international disputes must be settled by force of arms. This assumption, though occasionally modified by accidents like the peaceful determination of the Alaska boundaries dispute, and the Alaskan boundaries dispute, is the only one that is seriously considered by the "government-minded," as proof of which the fact that it is the only method prepared for all nations. Alternatives, like peace tribunals, arbitration arrangements or adjudication of any sort other than war, are mostly a matter of individual enterprise and as such have no prestige of the sort that only natural and official indorsement is able to give.

"Things being as they are, Italy, like the other nations, was swept into the current of hate, or violence and greed. For war admits all the hideous qualities and actions that in civilized life we repudiate. Only, unlike the other nations, who have put forward one high-sounding excuse after another, Italy frankly admits that she is in the business of war for what she can get out of it. Speaking from the current national and patriotic viewpoint, Italy had more "right" to war—if an interested party to a dispute may be considered as judge of the right or wrong of the dispute—than any other nation, except, perhaps, Germany. Italy had a certain national prestige to maintain; that prestige was a thing determined not by internal development, but by capacity for external aggressive action according to present international standards. Without capacity for such aggressive action for the sake of "holding her own," a nation believes that her development, internal and external, is checked. Perhaps she is right, but other ways of "holding one's own" have been devised and accepted. However, national vanity is played upon and the belief in one's "country's honor" comes to be sacred and second only to a belief in God.

This is one of the causes of war. Italy, I do not doubt, believed that her integrity as a nation was threatened unless she swung into line. To begin with, she spoke, with excellent sense, I thought, of neutrality. And I remembered how, in America at that time, we looked to her with eyes of admiration. Italy had a great role to play here in the heart of Europe—a role that we might play in the United States, if we keep our heads and tempers. But Italy was not yet ready to play that role. So Italy went to war. Normally, because she had been gouted by Austria, actually because, having broken with Germany and Austria, she had nothing to hope for from France and Russia and England unless she allied herself with them. And she saw herself, in the future, a nation discounted among the Powers.

In such a position she had no hope when the time came for dividing up booty of obtaining her share, and she particularly

insists upon a share in Asia Minor. She had nothing to expect from Germany. And England guaranteed nothing—not even Trentino and Trieste—unless she joined the alliance. So Italy joined.

The terms of the alliance are, of course, unknown, but it is understood that Italy is pledged to stay in till the end of the war, to make no separate peace and to remain in the Dardanelles. Such terms sound probable, and—God help Italy, I believe she has undertaken much more than she can manage. Her resources will not permit of it. She is still feeling the effects of war in the north, for one thing; the crops are not what was expected; for another, the general poverty is appalling. But more important, I believe, than all else is the fact: Granted that Italy swung into war with enthusiasm (though to my mind the demonstrations that passed for enthusiastic about hysteria than spontaneity about the feeling the effects of war in the north, for one thing; the crops are not what was expected; for another, the general poverty is appalling. 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